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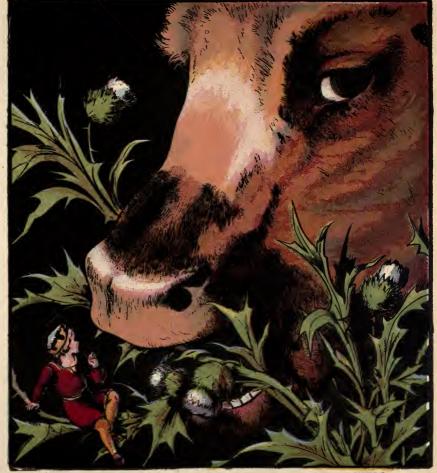
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THE HISTORY OF TOM THUMB.

\prod_{able}^{N} the days when the good old King Arthur was able	("Oh, what a nice name!" his fond mother said ;
	"I am glad he is named—he can now go to bed.
To feast knights each day at his famous Round	With a bean-pod, a very snug crib we can make,
Table,	And for curtains, the skins of two cherries I'll
There lived in a cottage—it matters not where,—	take."
Indeed I don't know, and I'm sure you don't care-	So Tom Thumb went to bed without crying, each
A thrifty young farmer; and he and his wife	night,
Knew little of trouble, and nothing of strife,	And got up by a ladder as soon as 'twas light.
It happened one day that the lady felt sad,	Tom went with his mother to see a dun cow-
And she cried, "Oh, I wish that a baby I had !"	The leaf of a thistle he took for a bough ;
"Have your wish, then !" a voice from her pocket	He sat down upon it-but, shocking to tell,
replied.	The cow seized the thistle, and Tom Thumb as well,
Up went both her hands, and her eyes opened wide,	To the cow's upper jaw Tom manfully clung;
And out of her pocket a fairy arose,	He kicked her front teeth, and he tickled her tongue.
In what shape or form there is no one who knows;	The cow could not ask him what he was about,
But just as her handkerchief fell to the ground,	So she opened her mouth and she let him jump out.
She heard in her pocket another strange sound—	To his mother he ran, told his tale, and she soon
"Mamma ! dear mamma !—see—see—I have come,	Gave him a bath in an old silver spoon.
Just the length and the thickness of dear papa's	How to play games with cherry-stones Tommy soon
thumb."	knew.
Mamma said, "How charming! now we are so	For the longer he lived the more cunning he grew;
blest :	But Tom was dishonest, I'm sorry to say,
	For he stole cherry-stones in a curious way—
But child, you'll take cold-you have come quite	
undrest.	Into the bags of his playmates he crept,
From those pea-pods the stuff for a coat you can	And there sometimes till morning he quietly slept,
choose,	Then helped himself—so that with cherry-stones he
Two pips of this apple will make you nice shoes,	Seemed always provided with plenty to be.
And if a good boy you will promise to be,	A boy caught him one day in his bag stealing
Knickerbockers I'll scrape from that carrot, you	stones,
see."	So he fastened and shook it, not heeding Tom's
Just then to the cottage the fairy queen came,	groans;
And said to the lady, "Your boy I will name."	Then he let out our hero, who felt very sore,
She waved her white wand, and said, "Boy, hither	And said that he never would steal any more.
come :	Tom's mother was mixing a pudding one day;
Henceforth and forever your name is Tom THUMB."	He fell into the batter, and sprawling he lay,-

The History of Tom Thumb.

He was bound in a cloth, and put into the pot,	The servants all then were, of course, much afraid,
But he soon began kicking,—the water was hot. "The pudding's bewitched," said his mother; "so I	And went down on their knees, when Jemima, the maid.
Will give it to Tinker—he is now passing by."	Recollected the trap, and to Tom Thumb she went,
The tinker was pleased, but he soon was afraid,	To tell him the message King Arthur had sent,
For Tom in the pudding a dismal noise made.	And begged for her pardon he'd do what he could.
Said the tinker, "Of puddings, this pudding is	
worst."	So, as soon as before great King Arthur he came,
And he threw it right over the hedge, where it	
burst.	blame ;
Then Tommy ran home, so ill, it is said,	And as for Jemima, no maid have I seen
He was bathed in a tea-cup and put into bed.	So thoughtful, and civil, and steady, and clean;
Two days after that, Tom was seized by a crow,	Yea, all that she does is so worthy of praise,
Who bore him away to grim Giant Grumbow.	That I hope great King Arthur her wages will
The giant exclaimed, "What a queer little fly !	raise."
I'll put it in water, and there let it die."	The King was so pleased that he could not say
Then into the river poor Tom Thumb was thrown,	"No,"
And made a small splash like a round pebble-	But turned to Earl Marshall, and said, "My lord,
stone. He was seized by a salmon, who swallowed him	go, Toll Jomimo, the moid, she has nothing to fam.
whole—	Tell Jemima, the maid, she has nothing to fear— Her wages are raised thirteen shillings a year."
But just then a fisherman, named Simon Cole,	Then the Earl Marshall bowed himself down to the
Caught the salmon, and sent him, without much	ground,
delay,	And said, "My lord King, there is not to be found
To the king, who for salmon would handsomely pay.	Such a generous monarch throughout all the land;
The salmon was cut; but it made the cook stare-	Most gladly I'll do what you're pleased to com-
For, as no doubt you guess, our small hero was there.	mand."
When King Arthur saw Tom, he was filled with	Tom Thumb so delighted the King and the Queen,
delight,	That wherever they went he was sure to be seen.
And he and the Queen kept awake all the night;	In the King's waiscoat pocket he sometimes would
But before they did that, the King asked Tom his	Ioll,
name,-	Sometimes he would lounge in the Queen's parasol;
And of course Tom had read of King Arthur's	A ladder he had to get into her lap, And he sometimes would hide in the bows of her
great fame,— So Tom told him his name, and his history also,	
And said, "I should like to my mother to go."	cap. Once a captain came in, who had on a new coat—
"Then go," said the King, "but, pray, come again	Tom Thumb, just to tease him, jumped right down
soon,"	his throat.
Fom said, "I'll be with you to-morrow at noon."	The captain, alarmed, sent for thirty strong men.
Fom did as he promised; but, shocking to tell,	By the time they arrived, Tom had jumped back
Into hot porridge made for the King, Tommy fell.	again;
A maid took him out : "Poor fellow," said she,	The captain was vexed, but what could he do?
think in a mouse-trap much safer you'll be."	The King and Queen laughed—he was forced to
The maid quite forgot about Tom in the trap,	laugh too.
Fill the King, having heard of his awkward mishap,	But he said to Earl Marshall, "The next time I
Sent two or three pages of honor to know	come, Till been for enough from that little Tom Thumh "
Why Tom Thumb was kept in the kitchen below.	I'll keep far enough from that little Tom Thumb."



THE COW SEIZED THE THISTLE, AND TOM THUMB AS WELL.





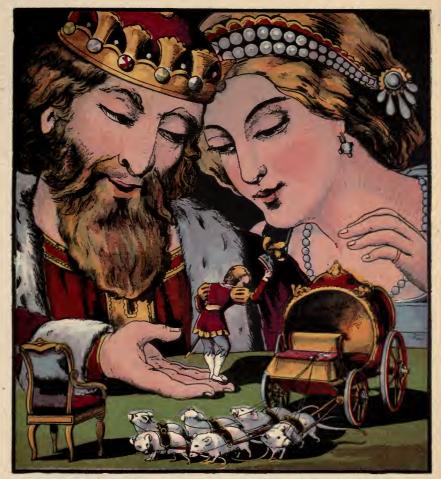
THE MAID PUTS TOM THUMB IN A MOUSE-TRAP FOR SAFETY.





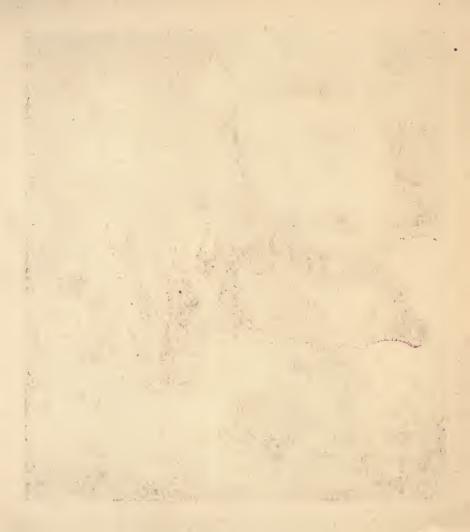


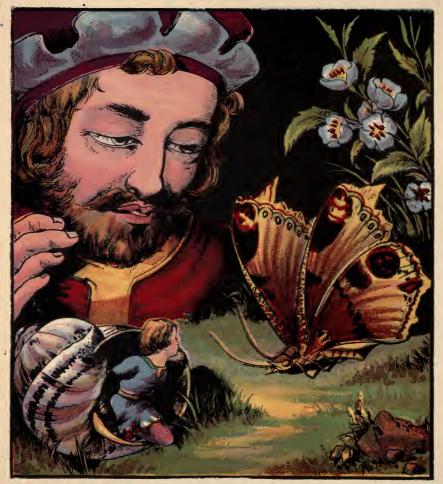
ONE DAY A GREAT CAT CAME RUSHING AT TOM THUMB.



THE QUEEN GETS JEALOUS AND WANTS TOM THUMB KILLED.







TOM THUMB MOUNTS A BUTTERFLY, AND HOPES TO GET AWAY.





THE KITTEN TAKES TOM THUMB FOR A MOUSE.

The History of Tom Thumb.

	If the King spends so much on that little Tom
to fight.	Thumb."
Instead of a steed, he rode a white mouse,	So she went to the King, and her face was quite red.
Who knew all the corners and holes in the house.	"Dear! what is the matter?" the King to her said,
One day a great cat came rushing at Tom,	"Oh, I don't like to tell, but I must tell," said she,
But he told her to go to the place she came from.	"That Tom Thumb behaves, oh, so rudely to me."
She did not move on-Tom thought she would	The King said, "I thought he was always polite."
scratch,	Said the Queen, "He is civil when your are in sight,
Or that perhaps she might fancy his white mouse	But oh, I so hate him, I wish he were dead."
to eatch ;	"To oblige you," the King said, "we'll cut off his
So he drew his good sword, so sharp and so bright,	head."
Puss ran with dismay and half fainted from fright.	
	So he sent out his soldiers to find Sir Tom Thumb,
As the King, and the Queen, and the court slept	The trumpets they blew, and they beat the big
one day,	drum,
The fairy queen Mab came and fetched Tom away.	And if any boys out in the street asked them why,
In the land of the fairies he dwells for some years,	They answered, "Because a brave knight is to die."
And then once again in Old England appears.	Tom heard it, and said, "I don't know as to that,
But the times are now changed, and King Arthur	Ere they cut off my head, I will put on my hat."
is dead,	Tom ran to his mother, and told her his life
And Thunstone, another king, reigns in his stead.	Was in danger, because of the King's jealous wife.
Tom went to the palace without much ado-	So his mother advised him to lie still in bed,
He was shown to King Thunstone, who said, "Who	In order to save both his clothes and his head.
are you ?"	So Tom went to bed, and he slept for ten days,
Tom bowed to the King, and the Queen, his fair	And to sleep longer still, he tried all sorts of ways.
bride,	At last he was tired of keeping awake,
And thus in his musical voice he replied,	So he said, "I'll get up, and a walk I will take."
"My name is Tom Thumb—from the fairies I	He walked for two days, and for three or four
come:	nights,
When King Arthur shone, this court was my own.	Saw all sorts of people, and all sorts of sights.
In me he delighted, by him I was knighted;	Then he thought he must rest, or his strength
Did you never hear of Sir Thomas Thumb?"	would soon fail,
The King said, "Sir Thomas, I hope you'll agree	And he went to lie down in the shell of a snail.
To live here, to play with the Queen and with me."	Tom soon fell asleep, but somebody spoke,
So Tom went to the palace and lived at his ease,	And Tom, in alarm for his safety, awoke.
And tried how the King and the Queen he could	He listened—'twas only some children at play,-
please.	Said he, "I had better keep out of their way,
A carriage he had, out of orange-peel made;	They are going to school, and when they are there,
Six white mice who drew it, his orders obeyed,	To find better lodging will be my first care."
And day after day, Tom Thumb might be seen	Just then came a little girl seven years old,
With his carriage and mice, near the King and the	Her frock was of silk, trimmed with spangles of
Queen.	gold;
But the Queen soon got jealous, and said, "I de-	She took up the shell in which Tom Thumb was
clare,	hid,
Tom Thumb has a carriage as well as a chair;	And little she thought of the mischief she did,
When I asked for a carriage, I met with reproach,	For she threw up the shell on a very high bank,
And was told I must use the old family coach.	And amid the long grass, with Tom in it, it sank.
The may could a made also and one family could in	The data and the born by which tothe in the it builds

The History of Tom Thumb.

	When they came to the palace, the King had gone
peared,	out;
That he would never get to the bottom, he feared.	The Queen heard a noise, and asked what 'twas
"It will take me a week to go down it," said he,	about.
"And when I am down there, what good will it be? I'll stop where I am, till a lark comes this way,	They told her that little Tom Thumb had been found—
Then I'll mount on its back and fly quite away."	"Before he was lost," said the Queen, "I'll be
Just then, as he spoke, he saw near the bank	bound;
A friend of the Queen's—a Duke of high rank.	The King likes that dwarf, and will not have him
"I am caught now at last," said poor Tom, in a	killed,
fright,	But I'll let him know, that I, too, am self-willed;
And I much want to sleep with my head on, to-	Put Tom in a mouse-trap, and there let him stay,
night.	Give him nothing to eat or to drink all the day."
But how to escape, I am sure I can't tell-	So there, in the trap, poor Tom Thumb was kept,
Ah ! there's a fine butterfly close to the shell !	And, more from vexation than hunger, he wept.
I'll jump on its back, and be off in a trice-	The Queen's kitten thought that a mouse or a rat
A ride on a butterfly's back must be nice.	In the trap had been caught, so she gave it a pat.
The Duke saw Sir Thomas just taking his flight,	She was rather surprised when our hero she saw,
So he called to him kindly, "Sir Thomas, good-	And she opened the trap by a dab of her paw.
night."	Once more Tom was free; but a spider came by,
"Oh, Duke,' said our hero, "I guess what you	And taking the knight for a blue-bottle fly,
mean-	Sprang forward to sieze him; when our brave little
Good-night, sir, and give my respects to the	knight
Queen,"	Stood his ground, drew his sword, and made ready
Then up flew the butterfly—Tom with him went,	to fight;
But the butterfly could not make out what it meant,	But the spider drew near, and his poisonous breath
That, without asking leave, any mortal should dare	So affected poor Tom that it soon caused his death. He fell on the ground where he lately had stood,
To jump on his back, and take a ride there. So he flew over houses, and churches, and trees,	And the spider sucked up the last drop of his blood.
And Tom soon began to feel not quite at ease.	The King and the court into deep mourning went;
The butterfly tried to make Tom Thumb fall down;	Two days and three nights in lamenting they spent.
In a puddle he threw him, that there he might	Then under a rose-bush they buried Tom Thumb-
drown.	His monument cost them a very large sum;
Tom Thumb thought that drowning would not do	For on it his name, death, and doings were told,-
him good,	It had this inscription, in letters of gold :
So he called out for help quite as loud as he could.	"Here lies Tom Thumb, King Arthur's knight,
And whilst he was shouting, two soldiers came by :	Who died by a spider's cruel bite.
"Sir Thomas," said they, "the King says you must	He was well known in Arthur's court,
die,	Where he afforded gallant sport ;
But you know, it is said, whilst there is life there is	He rode at tilt and tournament,
hope,	And on a mouse a-hunting went.
And 'tis better to wait for the axe or the rope,	Alive, he filled the court with mirth ;
Than to drown in a puddle—so now, out you come,	His death to sorrow soon gave birth.
And we shall get something for finding Tom	Wipe, wipe your eyes, and shake your head,
Thumb."	And cry, 'Alas! Tom Thumb is dead.'"



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